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NO. 220 | 00709

JUL | 76/CDC

CHARLTON PUBLICATION

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CHIC YOUNG'S

BLONDIE

NO WONDER THE DOG IS MAKING SUCH A FUSS... YOU'VE WASHED THE SAME PUP FOUR TIMES!

PAUL FUNG JR. '76

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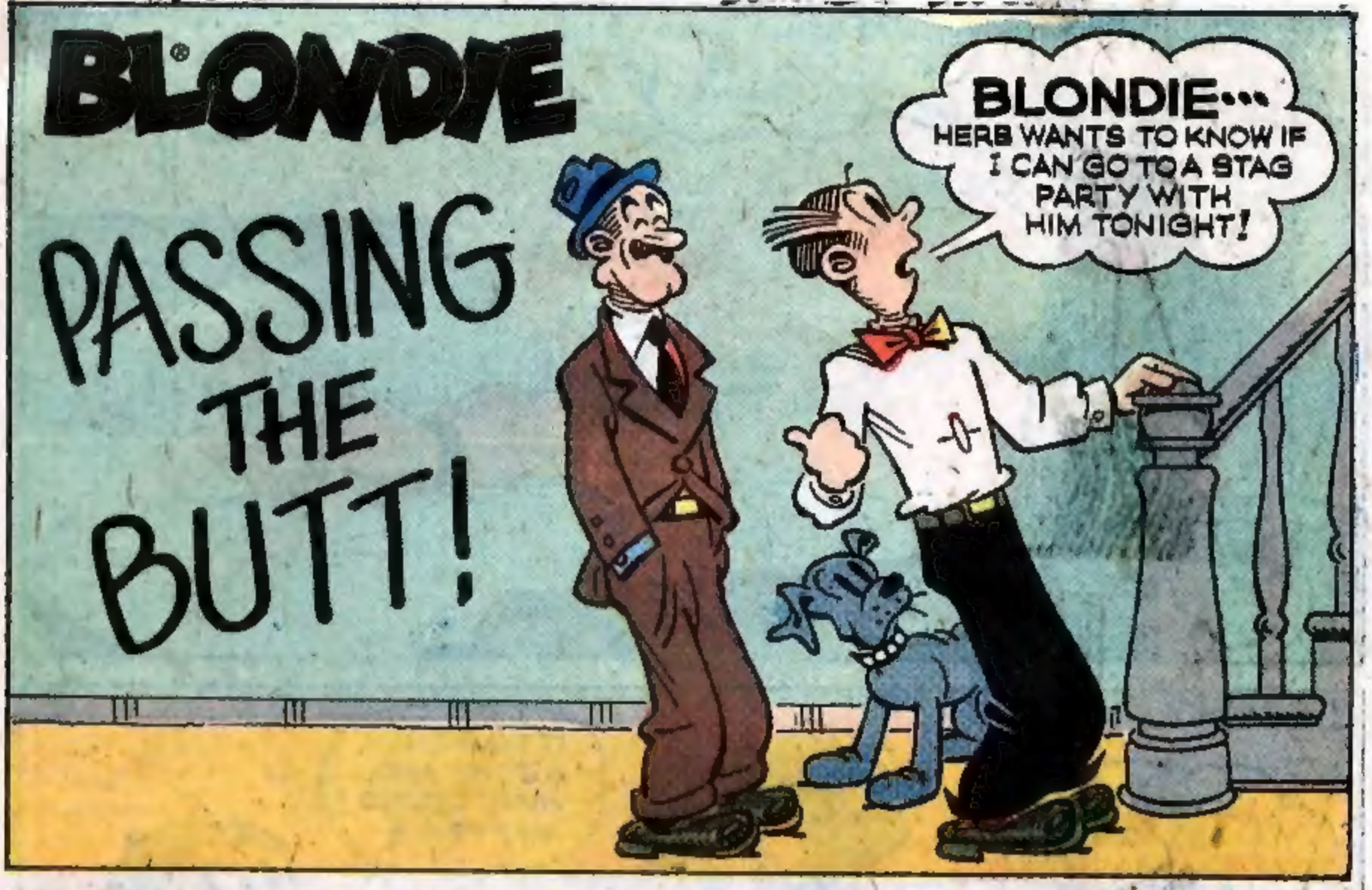
BLONDIE

PASSING THE BUTT!



HIS LODGE IS HAVING THE PARTY AND HE'S VERY INSISTENT!
DAGWOOD, YOU DON'T LOVE ME ANYMORE... YOU'RE TIRED OF YOUR LITTLE HOME AND ME, AREN'T YOU?
D-8086

BLONDIE

BLONDIE Vol. 9, No. 220, July, 1976,

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Published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. John Santangelo Jr., Publisher. George R. Wildman, Executive Editor. Second class postage paid at Derby, Conn. 06418. © 1976 King Features, Inc. World Rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. 30¢ per copy. Subscription $1.80 annually. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050).

MAY I BRING HERB UP HERE SO HE CAN SEE WHAT I'M UP AGAINST?

YOU DON'T LOVE YOUR FAMILY... BOO-HOO-HOO!

Later...

HERBERT, YOU ARE MEAN! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE AND WHAT COULD HAPPEN? SHAME ON YOU!

IT WAS ONLY A JOKE AND WHAT COULD HAPPEN?

YOU GO RIGHT OVER AND TELL DAGWOOD WHAT YOU DID!

OUCH! ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!

...ER...DAGWOOD, THAT CIGAR I GAVE YOU YESTERDAY... WELL, IT WAS A LOADED CIGAR!

YOU WHAT? OH, MY GOODNESS! IT'S LOADED!

I'M VERY SORRY— AND I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME FOR PLAYING A LITTLE JOKE ON YOU!

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT TROUBLE YOU CAUSED? I THOUGHT IT WAS A GOOD CIGAR AND I GAVE IT TO MY BOSS!

I HOPE NOTHING HAS HAPPENED YET!

QUICK— GET TO YOUR OFFICE AND GET THAT CIGAR OR YOUR GOOSE IS COOKED!

HURRY! GO FASTER, DRIVER, FASTER!

HOLD IT! UP-UP! TENTH FLOOR, QUICK! DON'T STOP!

MR. DITHERS... MR. DITHERS!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

BANG

...ER...I SEE YOU FOUND OUT ABOUT THAT CIGAR I GAVE YOU...THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO TELL YOU ABOUT... HEE-HEE-HEE...

MR.DITHERS—IT WAS JUST A JOKE—I'VE GOT A WIFE AND KIDS!

HA-HA! I'M LAUGHING!

THE END

BLONDIE in IT'S ABOUT TIME!

ALL RIGHT—ALL RIGHT... BEAT IT—OFF THE SOFA—I WANT TO TAKE A NAP THERE, MYSELF! OFF, PUPS, OFF!

ALL RIGHT, WHICH ONE OF YOU WISE GUYS LEFT THE FLEA IN THERE ON THE SOFA?

DAGWOOD, I'M GOING SHOPPING NOW~I'LL BE BACK IN ABOUT TWO HOURS!

WAIT... I WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME!

WILL YOU PICK UP MY WATCH FOR ME AT THE JEWELRY SHOP~IT'S READY!

ALL RIGHT~BUT I WANT YOU TO TURN OFF MY STEW IN A HALF-HOUR!

OH, FOR GOSH SAKES... I MISSED MY FAVORITE TV SHOW.... ALL BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE MY WATCH!

OH, OH! I SMELL SOMETHING BURNING!

SNIFF

BURNT TO A CRISP! IF I HAD MY WATCH, THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!

RING

DAGWOOD, DID YOU CALL THE BARBER COMPANY AS I TOLD YOU TO DO?

ER...NO, MR. DITHERS ...I DIDN'T!

WELL, WHY NOT?

BECAUSE I HAVEN'T GOT MY WATCH AND I LOST TRACK OF THE TIME!

I'M GOING TO STAY IN THE BATH TUB UNTIL BLONDIE GETS HOME...I CAN'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE THERE!

HERE'S YOUR WATCH, DEAR!

OH, THANK YOU! THANK GOODNESS, AT LAST I'VE GOT IT BACK! I CAN'T DO A THING WITHOUT IT!

WELL, MR. BUMSTEAD, IT LOOKS AS IF IT WILL HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE FACTORY AND IT'LL TAKE ABOUT THREE WEEKS!

END

BLONDIE

ARF ARF ARF ARF

?

BLONDIE WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ELMER ? WHY ALL THE BARKING ?

ARF ARF ARF ARF

HE'S JUST SHOWING OFF...HIS VOICE HAS CHANGED FROM SOPRANO TO BARITONE TODAY!

THE END

D-8144

BLONDIE

UP AND AT 'EM!

MR. BEASLEY...WILL YOU HELP ME? I CAN'T GET DAGWOOD UP THIS MORNING...

I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS!

SWERTT

DAGWOOD MAY NOT BE ABLE TO HEAR FOR A FEW HOURS, BUT I WOKE HIM UP!

D-8131

TEN MINUTES HAS PAST AND DAGWOOD IS NOT READY FOR BREAK-FAST...HMM...

I'D BETTER GO UP AND SEE WHAT'S KEEPING HIM — HE'LL BE LATE FOR WORK! ... SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!

RING

GOOD MORNING, MADAM... I'M SELLING THE NEW JIFFY EGG BEATER!

OH — COME IN, PLEASE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO UPSTAIRS AND ASK MY HUSBAND!

GOOD MORNING, SIR... I'M SELLING THE NEW - JIFFY EGG-BEATER!

THANK YOU FOR GETTING HIM UP FOR ME!

THE END

PAUL REVERE JR.

BLONDIE ON THE LOOSE!

HEY—IT'S A NOTE FROM THE GIRLS —WHAT DOES IT SAY?

YEH—THEY SAY THEY WON'T BE BACK TILL LATE IN THE AFTERNOON!

THEY SAY WE SHOULD GO TO A RESTAURANT FOR OUR LUNCH!

D-8103

I THINK THEY THINK WE CAN'T COOK OUR OWN MEAL!

THEY THINK WE CAN'T DO MUCH OF ANYTHING —WE'RE HELPLESS! WE'LL SHOW 'EM!

I LOVE BEANS!

YEH ~ ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE COLD!

SINCE WE HAVE THE WHOLE AFTERNOON TO OURSELVES, HOW ABOUT GOING TO A BALL GAME, HERB?

GREAT IDEA ~ BUT FIRST MY WIFE WANTS ME TO BUY A BIRTH-DAY GIFT FOR HER MOTHER!

SAY ~ I'LL BET YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW WOULD LIKE A NICE SANDING MACHINE OR A JIG-SAW, OR EVEN A DRILL!

NAW ~ HER HOBBY IS YOGA AND KUNG-FU ~ BESIDES, THEY'RE TOO HARD TO WRAP!

Special $75.77

$59.99

SHE'S A HARD PERSON TO BUY FOR ~ HOW ABOUT THESE?

NOPE... THAT'S JUST NOT HER ~ LET'S GET OUT OF THE HARDWARE DEPARTMENT!

LOOK, HERB ... HERE'S A MUSIC BOX THAT PLAYS THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER FOR TEN MINUTES — JUST THE THING THIS YEAR!

SAY, THAT'S GREAT! SHE'D LOVE IT — SHE'S VERY PATRIOTIC!

I WOUND IT UP GOOD SO IT WILL PLAY WHEN SHE OPENS IT!

I'LL TAKE IT!

I'LL GIFT WRAP IT FOR YOU!

NOW WE HAVE NOTHING TO DO BUT ENJOY THE BALL GAME!

YEH, MAN — THAT'S GREAT!

GAME TODAY 2 P.M. GREENWITC VS SA

HERB, STOP SHAKING THAT MUSIC BOX...IT'S STARTING TO PLAY!

HUH?

OH, SAY CAN YOU SEE

THAT'S FOR CAUSING A NEAR RIOT AND MAKING EVERYONE IN THE BALL PARK STAND UP FOR TEN MINUTES!

GAME TODAY 2 P.M. GREENWITC VS SAL

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT TWO PAGES

HERBERT...YOU KNOW MY MOTHER IS HARD OF HEARING AND THIS MUSIC BOX WOULD BE USELESS TO HER.

OH,NO! I FORGOT!

MOTHER WILL BE HERE TONIGHT AND YOU'D BETTER GET HER SOMETHING SHE CAN USE!

HOW SHOULD I KNOW! HOW ABOUT THIS NIGHTGOWN?

HERB, DO YOU THINK SHE'D CARE FOR A HAT LIKE THIS?

THE END!

BLONDIE in DEN DAZE!

AHH... THIS IS THE RIGHT TIME FOR A NICE AFTERNOON NAP!

MEE-OWR

D-8132

DAGWOOD, HOW CAN YOU SLEEP WHEN YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD BE CLEANING THE CELLAR?

WIVES SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO POUNCE ON THEIR HUSBANDS LIKE THAT WHILE THEY'RE SLEEPING!

DAGWOOD, WHEN YOU FILL YOUR PIPE YOU ALWAYS SPILL TOBACCO ALL'OVER THE FLOOR!

NOW JUST LOOK HOW YOU MESS UP THIS LIVING-ROOM ... AND YOU LAY ON THE SOFA WITH YOUR SHOES ON!

HERB, BLONDIE IS ALWAYS COMPLAINING ABOUT THE MESS I MAKE — I WISH I HAD A LITTLE DEN OF MY OWN THAT I COULD MESS UP AS MUCH AS I PLEASE!

WHY DON'T YOU BUILD A DEN IN YOUR CELLAR?

HERB'S RIGHT! I'LL BUILD A ROOM ALL MY VERY OWN!

HA-HA... I JUST SOLD ALL THAT JUNK LUMBER TO DAGWOOD FOR TEN DOLLARS!

I'LL CONVERT THIS PART OF THE CELLAR INTO A LITTLE ROOM ALL MY OWN WHERE I'LL BE KING!

DAGWOOD CAN HAVE MY OLD SOFA.

AND I BROUGHT HIM THIS STUFFED OWL FROM OUR ATTIC FOR HIS NEW DEN!

?!

JOHN L. SULLIVAN

THIS IS GOING TO BE A GREAT PLACE FOR ME TO DO WHAT I WANT TO DO — AND NOBODY'S ALLOWED IN HERE BUT ME!!

I'LL DECORATE THIS WITH MY FAVORITE COLORS ... BRIGHT YELLOW AND PURPLE WITH CORAL COLORED FLOORS!

PAINT

LOOK, MY DEN! MY HIDEAWAY IS FINISHED AND IT'S MINE...ALL MINE!

OH!

NOW LET'S SEE...I'LL BRING DOWN MY TOBACCO HUMIDOR, MY MAGAZINES, BOOKS, SLIPPERS, A FEW SOFT PILLOWS AND A LOT OF SNACKS! THAT OUGHT TO DO IT!

THIS IS THE PLEASANTEST ROOM IN THE HOUSE!

THIS IS A GREAT PLACE FOR ME TO KEEP MY RECORDS!

I CAN DO A LOT OF STUDYING HERE, TOO!

PAUL FUNK JR. '76

ALL THAT WORK AND I'M RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED — WELL, ANYWAY, I'VE GOT THE REST OF THE HOUSE TO MYSELF!

THE END

THE LAST DAGWOOD

It was after eleven and Dagwood had been trying to go to sleep for an hour. Blondie had sternly forbidden him to raid the refrigerator and when he had sneaked out there when Blondie had been on the telephone with her Mother, Alexander had caught him opening the refrigerator door.

"Watch it, Dad," Alexander had said in an unnecessarily loud voice, "my laboratory experiment is in there. Don't knock it over."

"SSSHHHH!" Dagwood shushed, looking toward the living room where Blondie had been talking on the phone. "Your mother will hear you!"

"Mother did hear you, Alexander," Blondie said from the doorway with the telephone held to her ear, "and, Dagwood, if you don't stay out of the refrigerator, you'll be on bread and water for a month!"

So, grumbling, Dagwood had gone back to the living room, tried to watch television but they wouldn't let him so in pure misery, he went to bed.

Now, he was wide awake. Beside him, Blondie breathed deeply. She was asleep. The dogs were safely abed and so were the kids.

Now, Dagwood would strike again!

He stealthily slid from beneath the covers. Blondie had craftily left Alexander's roller skate in the doorway for him to fall over. He skirted that danger, stepped over two of the dogs sleeping in the living room, and made it to the kitchen.

He stopped and listened. Not a sound. He had it made!

He opened the refrigerator door. That clicked so loud it sounded like thunder in the silence of the night. He listened again. *Nothing*. Now, he began building his sandwich.

First some roast beef. Thick slices. He drooled as he lovingly placed the tender, rare beef on the bread. Then, he sliced tomatoes very thin, spread lettuce, lavished mayonnaise from a plain jar in there, and then stared speculatively at the shelves.

He decided on cheese next. Then, he sliced pickle, thought about it, and put on sandwich spread, mayonnaise-y looking stuff with speckles of green and red in it.

It still looked kind of puny to the drooling Dagwood. So far, it wasn't even close to his normal intake. Humming happily, he located a can of sardines, whipped them open, then crisscrossed them in the bed of sandwich spread.

Now, Dagwood was beginning to be optimistic. It was showing promise. He found a bowl of hardboiled eggs, sliced them, salted and peppered, then sprinkled with parsley, pressed the top lid of the sandwich in place and then poured a huge glass of milk.

Fantastic!

He started to eat. Rarely had any man ever known the bliss that Dagwood Bumstead did at that moment. He relished each bite, at times growing too enthusiastic on chunks of celery he had added, then, worried lest he be chewing too loudly, looking around guiltily but he was alone.

Each morsel was a joy in itself. The milk was cold and delicious and everything was perfect. It was a high point in his life.

With a sigh, he finished his sandwich, then licked each greasy finger one by one. As he sighed and leaned back in his chair he heard a sound and turned soggily. The entire family was there, including the dogs.

"Brava!" cried Blondie.

"Terrific!" said Alexander. The dogs barked and yowled their approval, and then they all applauded.

Dagwood, belt bulging with his latest creation, rose and bowed as far as he could without falling on his nose.

"Dagwood," Blondie said, smiling sweetly, "just what did you use to create this magnificent creation. Tell us, item by item."

Dagwood stifled a polite burp and smiled sleepily. Now, he could cork off without any trouble at all.

"Well, I had some rare roast beef, hardboiled eggs, sliced tomatoes, cheese, mayonnaise, sandwich spread, that gooey stuff in the funny jar, pickles, olives, celery..." He stopped.

Alexander let out a howl of alarm and leaped for the refrigerator.

"My laboratory experiment!" he shouted, scrambling among the goodies. He took out the funny looking jar that had contained what Dagwood had assumed to be sandwich spread.

"It... it's all gone!" sobbed Alexander.

Dagwood went pale.

"I ... I ate your laboratory experiment?" he mumbled. "W-what was it?"

Alexander considered. "Well, some of the kids tried to grow cholera germs," he said, "and others concentrated on botulism cultures. You know, Dad, it's deadly."

Dad didn't hear Alexander continue. He had stiffened and fallen backward, out like a light. Ten minutes later he recovered consciousness.

"Am I ... am I going to live?" Dagwood asked tremulously.

Blondie nodded, laughing.

"Of course, dear," she replied. "Alexander's experiment was just a mixture of vinegar and eggs and milk. In other words, he mixed up home-made mayonnaise without chemicals to see how long it would keep. I guess his experiment was a success."

Dagwood patted his tummy happily, burped, and fell asleep right there on the kitchen floor.

THE END